

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review ;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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### Review of New Books.

*The Modern Athens: a Dissertation and Demonstration of Men and Things in the Scotch Capital.* By a MODERN GREEK. 12mo. pp. 380. London, 1824.

A FEW years ago, a wag, whether born on this or the other side of the Tweed matters not, deemed it a good joke to call Edinburgh 'the modern Athens;' his joke was, however, the earnest of the good people of Auld Reikie: and as the followers of John Wesley adopted as the distinctive title of their sect a name first given in derision, so did the men of Edinburgh adopt a title thus given to their city in sport. We confess the parallel never occurred to us until drawn by our present author, who, in his account of the getting-up of the national monument, says, the Edinburgh folks boasted that Lord Melville, in patronizing the arts, was the express image of Pericles; that the Calton Hill was a far finer thing than the Acropolis; the Frith of Forth outshone the Egean or the Hellespont; and the men of Edinburgh rivalled Aristotle, Demosthenes, Solon, Plato, and Demosthenes.

The author of *Modern Athens* gives a satirical, and in some respects a coarse and ludicrous picture of the Scottish capital: he selects the time of the King's visit for the period of his description, and is somewhat uncharitable in exposing the absurdities into which the royal presence threw the liege men and true of the modern Athens. In selecting the time of the King's visit for his account of the Scottish metropolis, he has an opportunity of describing the conduct and peculiarities of other towns and individuals; for, at this time, almost every part of Scotland had poured a part of its population into the capital. There is a great deal of vigour and much satirical humour in many of the author's descriptions, which we are sorry to see tinged by occasional vulgarity. Throughout the whole volume, however, the author shows an intimate acquaintance with Scotland and her metropolis, and there is a great deal of smartness and spirit in his descriptions of men and things in the Scottish capital. This we shall show by one or two extracts: the first relates to the difficulty the Athenians felt in determining how to receive their sovereign:—

'Fortunately the Society was sitting, doing its incubation, upon a refutation of Aristotle's poetics by Sir George M'Kenzie, of Coul, Bart., and a proposal for lighting all the roads in Scotland with putrid fish-

heads, by Sir John Sinclair. The Lord President opened his mouth and his case; and each learned head nodded with the solemnity of that of a Jupiter. The trumpet-call, blown through the nose by a bandana handkerchief, summoned to the charge the commodity of brains that each possessed; and each having returned the bandana to its place, looked as wise as the goddess of the Elder Athens, or even as her sacred bird. The general question propounded to them ran thus:—"What was to be done, and by whom?" and the deliverance of their wisdoms was, that "Every thing ought to be done, and every body ought to do it;" a response surpassing in profundity any thing ever uttered by the Pythoness herself. The countenance of the dignified delegate was brought parallel to the ceiling; his eyes and mouth had a contest as to which could become the wider; and he Macadamized the question by breaking it into smaller pieces. "What should they say to the King; what should they give him to eat; and how should they demean themselves?" It was resolved, as touching the first, that they should say very little, for fear of errors in propriety or in grammar; but that they should put in motion the addressing-machinery, of which official men in Scotland had so often felt the benefit, and give, in "change for a Sovereign" as it were, two hundred and forty of those copper coins, for their own benefit, and that of the royal closet. The second point was more puzzling: a king would not care for sheep's head or haggis; and as for French cookery, that would be no rarity. Some lamented that the Airthrie whale was petrifed, and that Dr. Barclay's elephant was nothing but bones; and Sir John Sinclair recommended three mermaids dressed entire,—of which he assured them there were plenty on the coast of Caithness. Upon this point there was a difference of opinion; and they resolved to board the King upon the enemy, by getting ten fat bucks from that notorious whig the Honourable W. Maule, as his Grace of Montrose had only one to spare. Upon the third point their decision was equally summary and clear: "Every one was to do the best that he could."

Our author notices as remarkable, that Sir Walter Scott, who has written so much, and often so well, on several occasions, did not brush up his muse and produce something worthy of an occasion so congenial to his feelings. In this we agree with him; but not so when he says, there is not a single decent page either in verse or prose

in commemoration of the King's visit; for we think there were some excellent things in Blackwood's Royal Number, which was wholly devoted to the subject. The assembling of the combined clans and burgh corporations in Edinburgh is well described:

'The former belted like warriors and belled like weasels, and tricked out for the occasion in the respective tartans of their names, each bearing a sprig of the symbolic tree in his bonnet, a huge claymore in one hand, and a relay of brogues and stockings in the other, with a great horn snuff-mull thrust into his psorran—open and ready for action—hurried along at the *pas de charge* to their head-quarters for the time being, where they were instantly dispersed into the crowd, thence to re-assemble when the bagpipe should frighten the last shadow of night.

'The corporation-men came in less military but more important guise. Glasgow, the queen of the west; Aberdeen, the glory of the north; Dundee and Perth, the rival empresses of the centre; with Cupar-Fife, Crail, and a hundred others, each charged with a loyal and dutiful address, which had been composed by the town-clerk, revised in the spelling by the schoolmaster, and was to be discharged at the King, in a manner so powerful and point-blank, as to procure knighthood, if not earldom, for such candle-selling provost, breeches-manufacturing bailie, or other chief magistrate 'after his kind,' came on with a splendour and an importance that Scotland never before witnessed.

'Glasgow, as became her purse and her pride, came blazing like the western star, or rather like a comet whose tail would have girdled half the signs of the zodiac. The van was led by the magistrates, in a coach which previously knew every street and lane of the city, but which was relacquered for the occasion, had the city arms emblazoned upon it as large as a pullicate handkerchief, and was drawn by eight grey horses of the genuine Lanarkshire breed,—the thunder of whose feet, as they dashed along, shook the kirk of Shotts, and had nearly laid Airdrie and Bathgate in ruins. The clatter which they made along Prince's Street was astounding; the crowd collected in thousands at the din; some cried it was the King himself; but the final opinion was, that it was 'naebody but the magistrates o' Glasgow.'

'In the train of this goodly leading, there followed full fifty thousand,—or to speak by measure, as number was quite out of the question, full forty-four miles of merchants and makers of muslin; and the vehicles

which carried the car-borne part of them were more strange and varied than ever appeared at the triumph of a Roman emperor, upon his return from smiting the barbarous nations, and carrying themselves and all their utensils captive. Here you would see the equipage of a rich dealer in turmeric or tobacco, fashionable enough except in its contents; there you were presented with a Glasgow Noddy, squeezing forward its lank form like a tile, and dragged by a steed with three serviceable legs, and one eye the worse for the wear; in another place you would meet with a hearse, with a tarpaulin over it to hide the death's head and the bones, and crammed full of the saints of the Salt-market, laid lengthways for the convenience of the stowage; while the rear was brought up by an enormous tilted waggon, which, though it was at first conjectured to contain Polito's collection of wild beasts, was, upon examination, found to be charged very abundantly with that more important and polished matter—the ladies and gentlemen of Paisley and Greenock.

'The pride of the north had been more than usually upon the *qui vive*. The provost had been attitudenizing before a great mirror for a week, and getting his pronunciation translated into English by Mr. Megget, of the Academy, for at least a fortnight; the town-clerk had been drudging at "steps" in private with Mr. Corbyn for a month; and the learned Mr. Innes had been applied to, to cast the nativity of the city; and, from the horoscope—Saturn in conjunction with Mars, and Venus lady of the ascendant, it was sagely inferred by the clubbed wisdoms of king and mareschal, that the provost "wad get a gryte nickle purse o' siller, for the guced o' the ceety, forby a trifle to himsel';" and that, if not a duke, the town-clerk would be a *goose* at any rate, if both eschewed during their sojourn that hankering after the sex which was portended by the lady Venus being in the middle house. Those polite and philosophic preparations having been made, the state-coach, with two cats (the emblems of *bon accord*), the size of a couple of yearling lambs, gilt with Dutch fulzie, and spotted with coffin black, "all for the sparim' o' the cost," rattled along the bridge of Dee, at the tail of six hardy shelties from the Ca-brach, "which could mak' a shift to live upo' thistles, or fool strae, or any thing that they cou'd pyke up at a dykeside." Still, however, this mighty magisterial meteor streamed across Drumthwackit, along the "how o' the Mearns," and adoun Strathmore, like an aurora borealis flashing from the pole to the zenith, flickering and crackling, and smelling of brimstone. While its tail drew the third part of the wilie natives of the city, the other two-thirds took their way in barks and steam-boats, because it was cheaper by the tae half.'

The latter half of this really clever volume is devoted to a more general picture of the modern Athens, in which the state of science, literature, religion, and politics, is distinctly treated of. The weak parts

of the Scottish character are censured, or rather ridiculed, with an unsparing hand, while justice is rather too hesitatingly awarded to its more amiable features. Our limits will not, however, allow of further extract, but Modern Athens is a work of too much real merit not to be very generally read by the public.

*The Englishman Abroad.* By S. WESTON, B. D. 8vo. London, 1824.

IT is our luck this week to stumble on some strange productions, of which the Englishman Abroad is not the least remarkable. The author, though taking the most ample range without any set plan or order, and though appearing to be acquainted with many of the Oriental languages, has been at the pains to translate or collect a number of jokes which have been long stale even to the English public: these are the facetiæ of Frederic the Great. We wonder where Mr. Weston has lived all his life that he did not know Frederic never said any thing worth repeating that has not long been familiar to the British public; by giving them in his volume, he shows himself the Nicholas Bray of authors, and exclaims, 'I never heard that before,' to the most common-place joke. We will just quote one, and venture to say that there is not one of our readers that has not 'heard it before.'—'Frederic the Great asked a soldier, who had a deep cut across his cheek, at a review, "At what alehouse didst thou get that scratch?"—"At Coslin, please your Majesty, where your Majesty paid the reckoning."

There are, however, better things in the volume, and we turn to one, the probable origin of Shakspeare's *Laming of the Shrew*, in a Spanish work printed at Seville, in 1575, and entitled *El Conde Lucanor*:—

'In a certain town there was a Moor of great respectability, who had a son, the best young man in the world, full of great projects, but so poor, that he had the will, but not the power, to execute them. In the same place there was another Moor, very rich, and he had an only daughter, but she was a devil, and nobody would marry her. The young man came one day to his father and said, "Father, I am weary of the poor and wretched life I lead, I wish to marry." The father said he should be delighted if his son could find a party that suited him; upon which the young man named his neighbour's daughter: on hearing this the father was much surprised; but the son persisted in desiring his father to speak to the Moor, who was his intimate friend, and ask him for his daughter. The Moor said, when he was applied to, that he had no objection, but that whosoever had his daughter would be better dead than alive. The wedding, however, was fixed, and the bride was led away to her husband's house, and, according to the Moorish custom, a supper was prepared, and the table was laid, and the fathers and mothers left the bride and bridegroom together till the next day, not without great fear and suspicion that they should

find the bridegroom in the morning dead, or not far from it (*muerto, o muy mal trecho*). As soon as they were gone, the new married couple sat down at the table, and before she could speak, he, looking about him, saw one of his house dogs, and calling to him with a loud voice, ordered him to bring water to wash his hands, which the dog not doing, he got up in a rage, and drew his sword; this the dog seeing, ran away, and he after him, till he caught him, and cut off his head and legs, and his body in pieces, and dashed the blood over the table and all over the room; then came and seated himself at the table. He looked round again, and saw a Maltese beagle (*un blanche*) and gave him the same order; but on his not complying, he first threatened to serve him as he had done the mastiff, then, springing from his chair, he caught him by the legs, and cut him into a hundred pieces; then he returned a second time to the table, making horrid faces and furious gestures, and stared wildly around him. The bride, who was an eye witness of all this, was beside herself for fear, and stupid, without being able to utter a syllable. He then swore he would serve every living creature in the same manner, not excepting his horse, which was the only one he had remaining to him; then having killed his horse, he came back to the table with his sword reeking in blood, and seeing no other animal to kill, turned his eyes on his wife, and cried with a furious tone of voice, "Get up, and bring me water to wash my hands!" She immediately rose and brought him water. Then he said, if you had not done it, I would have served you as I served the dogs and the horse. He then ordered her to help him, which she did, but with so horrid an accent, that she still expected to have her head cut off. In this same manner they passed the night together, and she never spoke, but did every thing he bade her: and when they had slept some little while, he said to his wife, "I have not been able to rest for rage to night, see that nobody disturb me to-morrow morning, and take care that I have a good breakfast."

Early in the morning the parents of the bride and bridegroom knocked at the door, and, as no one answered, they concluded that the bridegroom was either killed or wounded, and when they saw the bride came to the door without her husband, they were confirmed in their suspicions. As soon as she saw them, she began to call them traitors, and asked them how they dared come to the door without speaking; make no noise or you are all dead men. This astonished them still more, and when they knew how the night had been spent, they thought very highly of the young man for his great skill in governing his wife, and arranging his household; and from that day forward she was so well managed, that he lived perfectly well with her; and the father in law took a hint from his son, and killed a horse to keep his wife in order.'

Had the work contained more such articles, instead of stale jokes, it would be highly interesting.

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*Palingenesia. The World to Come. Paris and London. pp. 304. London, 1824.*

Our readers need not be told that there have been important discoveries since the time of Shakspeare; he, poor simple soul, talked of the world to come as an 'undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns;' the author of *Palingenesia* conceives a very different place, which he thus describes:—

'The world to come, whereof we speak in terms Grammatical, and clearly understood, Meaneth an *habitable earth*:—wherein, When our habitation shall put on Her beauteous ornament and comely form, Justice and righteousness shall ever dwell; Not in subjection put, as this our state To ministering angels, but to one Made lower for a little time than they, That *He* who tasted death for every man, With honour and with glory crown'd, might see All in subjection plac'd beneath his feet! Whose throne is everlasting, and his sway A righteous sceptre.'

Well may the author afterwards inquire 'What hath this world seen of such a kingdom?' After deciding the world to come is

'Not that invisible

And intermediate state hereafter, call'd Hades or Paradise.'

We are not surprised to find him of opinion, that the New Jerusalem is not in heaven; he does not, he says, know that there is such a place, as well as a hell. There is, however, some imagination, but much obscurity in this poem; and it is distinguished by an index and poetical appendix, including a poem, in which the subject is the death of Byron, who had been rather harshly treated in the text. The author thus invokes Sir Walter Scott 'to sing the dirge of the departed:—

'Strike, then, the chord for Byron! Let it sound

A mournful strain in symphony with truth! The muse forbids the praiseworthy to die, And casts a veil o'er error—but disdains To lend an aid unsanctified, and place The meed of virtue on the brow of shame. Be just, but be not generous to vice, Thou that hast power and energy to curb Her wild tho' licens'd progress.'

The author is evidently a religious enthusiast, and has some peculiar notions; different, however, are his severest remarks on Byron to those of Mr. Southey; but, as the laureate has imposed silence on himself, we forbear all further remarks on his conduct.

*Horæ Poeticæ; or, Effusions of Candour. By a BRITISH OFFICER. 8vo. pp. 101. London, 1824.*

A STRANGER melange than the *Horæ Poeticæ* we have rarely met with. The author, a British officer, commences his preface with a common-place lament over the pretended degeneracy of the age; he then apologises for the abrupt termination of one of his poems, by stating that he was attacked with a fit of illness; he next asserts the reality of supernatural agency on earth, and declares his firm belief in 'goblin tales.' We al-

ways believed British officers to be bold men, but we scarcely expected to meet with one in the present age to avow such opinions. These, however, are not the worst of our British officer's absurdities: his prose is bearable, but his verse intolerable, and out of the two and thirty pieces he has printed, there is not one worth reading. He has addressed babes and dogs, oceans and unfortunate gentlemen; he has written on the death of Byron and on the Lord Mayor, honour and human frailty, and all with his like success. He violates all the rules of rhyme and reason, and out of his one hundred pages we could not, for the soul of us, select a good passage. We have already stated, that he apologises for the conclusion of his 'Campaign,' and no wonder, when the following is the last stanza:—

'But why need I wonder? man's man every where:

He dares not, point-blank, to resign His claim to that bliss Heaven promises fair, Yet, presumptuous, wallows in crime.'

Hone, in his 'Mysteries,' relates that a publisher of Christmas Carols hesitated to part with his blocks, because he could not match them, as 'better would not be so good.' If the same remark will apply to a Newgate pastoral, we recommend our author's lines, 'On the death of Weare,' to those who furnish last dying speeches, and 'lines written the night before execution' by some unhappy criminal. Swift, it is known, wrote a ludicrous ballad on Catherine Hayes cutting off her husband's head; but our British officer treats the tragic story of Weare with due solemnity. He commences with a reflection on the depravity of human nature, and then narrates how Thurtell deluded and despatched his victim, with the most scrupulous correctness; nor is he less circumstantial in detailing the subsequent events; even to eating the pork chop, Hunt's singing, Thurtell throwing the chain round Mrs. Probert's neck, and the division of the spoil. Two stanzas we cannot avoid quoting for their accuracy of description. After describing the supper, he says,—

'And comic Joe, right pliant to the *fairs*,

At their request, free warbles sweetest songs: To him they list with fascinating airs,

As Will shoves round the liquor right or wrong.'

Again:—

'When the *fairs* retire, the pandemonium

Echoes higger-mugger, while Jack scans the booty;

And as "share of blunt," without encomium, Hands each six pounds, as stimulants to duty.'

We have hitherto been in doubt whether to censure or ridicule this little volume, and we find we have done both; we shall now show how correct an ear our British officer has for metre, by selecting a few of his rhymes,—which it will be seen are neither to the eye or ear: thus we find,—pines and crimes, rigour and feather, powder and order, Tagus and canvass, northward and eastward, burst and mast, abyss and fruitless, subsided and jaded, wrong and bond, top and drop, remains and screams, vigour

and mirror, time and mine, cloister and viper, rest and dust, fear and square, adorned and transformed—all intended to rhyme most harmoniously! and these could be easily quadrupled. In conclusion, we must observe that there is no danger of a poet falling in the field of battle, like the bards of old, if all our warriors are like our British officer, who, by the bye, is evidently a native of the sister isle, and therefore, may have only made a practical bull by mistaking his forte.

*Travels in the Republic of Colombia, in the Years 1822 and 1823. By G. MOLLIER.*  
(Concluded from 787.)

We have already inserted one notice of this work, written, as we stated, by an intelligent correspondent, who resided some time in Colombia, and whose means of local information are, of course, such as, individually, we could not possess. It must be confessed, that although the view he gives of Colombia is by no means a favourable one, yet he is evidently so well informed on his subject, that it might seem an act of impudence and injustice to suspect its correctness; and, we confess that, in hoping the new world is not so far from settling into regular governments as our correspondent intimates, we are, perhaps, in some degree, biassed by our wishes.

In the case of the Greeks and the South Americans, public sympathy is almost entirely on one side, and either from the want of authentic information from the Turks, and the Spaniards in the New World, or from too strong a prejudice, we, perhaps, do not do either justice. Great as the successes of the Greeks unquestionably have been lately, there is no doubt that they have been much exaggerated; and if we give Bolivar credit for great talents, which we are not disposed to do, it must be confessed that, considering the Spanish forces have not been supported by the mother country, they have made a powerful stand. Had the same spirit actuated the Spaniards in the Peninsula, it would never have been subdued by 75,000 Frenchmen.

M. Mollien is an intelligent traveller, and he gives us a good account of the republic, particularly so far as relates to the physical resources of Colombia, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants. He also notices, at some length, the political history of the country. We have already alluded to the capital, Bogota, which M. Mollien says is the most agreeable, if not the most important or best-fortified town in Colombia. Speaking of the buildings, he says:—

'Every house has at least one saloon, and an eating-room; for it is considered unpolite to receive friends, or to entertain them, in a sleeping-room. The kitchen is always of an immense size, less on account of the quantity of provisions cooked, than the number of useless servants assembled there: there is no chimney,—stoves only are used.

'No houses are seen without carpets; the ancient straw mats of the Indians are no longer used by fashionable people, but are superseded by carpets of European manu-

facture. Both of these are destined, if there be no fire, to warm the apartments, and to conceal the inequalities of the floor, where, unfortunately, the negligence of the servants permits the most loathsome insects to swarm in immense numbers. Some persons cover the walls of their chambers with dyed paper; and numbers have garlands of flowers, and genii drawn upon it, in a style alike indicative of the bad taste of the painter and his employer.

'The furniture is simple, and usually consists of nothing more than two sofas covered with cotton, two small tables, a few leather chairs after the fashion of the fifteenth century, a looking-glass, and three lamps suspended from the ceiling. The bed is tolerably well ornamented, but feathers are never used: it is formed of two wool mattresses.

'With some slight difference, all the houses resemble each other; nothing serves to distinguish those of the ministers, and it would be difficult to recognise the president's, were it not for the guard at the entrance.'

In M. Mollien's account of Panama, which, he says, is the best fortified town in Colombia, he gives us a description of the inhabitants, particularly the women:—

'I could not form an opinion of the women of Colombia, till I had visited the two regions of which the country is composed; the Cordillera and the plains. I therefore determined not to say anything on this delicate subject till I arrived at Panama; in which I was right, for this city has furnished me with a multitude of traits, which were wanting to complete the portrait I had sketched of the Colombian women. It has been continually reported that the Spaniards are extremely jealous of their wives; they have been always represented with a dagger in their hands: this certainly is not the case in America. In the very different climates of the Andes and the Llanos, the women equally exercise an irresistible influence over their indolent and enervated husbands. Far from being confined within iron gratings, diversions, balls, visits, every thing is permitted them, without their having to fear the control of their husbands, who rarely accompany them. Slaves in the hot countries, and female servants in the cold countries, are alone admitted to the secret of their promenades, in which they attend them.

'It is a pretty general opinion that, in proportion as the country is warmer, the hair of the women is blacker, and that in the cold countries it is generally fair. This observation, though correct in Europe, does not apply here; it is quite the contrary. At Carthagena, we see many women with fair, and even red hair; and at Santa-Fé, where the temperature is so cold, we find none but brown. It is with surprise that we see on the coast of Colombia, only ten degrees from the line, women, whose thick hair is of a length that might be envied in Europe. Those who possess it are, of course, very careful to make it one of their finest ornaments. At Panama, they form it

into two tresses, which hang down on their shoulders; at Carthagena, they arrange it in thick tufts on the front of the head, where it is generally fastened by a tortoiseshell comb, and flowers of different colours are artfully mixed with it. In some parts of the Cordillera, the ladies fasten to their hair shining insects called Cucuyos, the lustre of which is superior to that of the emerald.

'In the women of warm climates, there is nothing more beautiful than the head; the features have a delicacy, the eyes a lustre, which is found only in Spanish women. They have also pretty hands; their feet are extremely small, but this, perhaps, injures the equilibrium of the body, the continual seesaw of which is far from graceful. Nevertheless, the ladies of the *tierras calientes* have much more dignity in their carriage than those of the cold countries; the former have the manners of ladies of quality; the others have too often the awkward air of bourgeois.

'If the hair of the latter is not so beautiful as that of the women on the coast, if their eye is without expression, if their hands and feet are not so delicate as those of their rivals, they have, on the other hand, forms which retain their grace to an advanced period of life, and are free from that leanness with which the others may be reproached; the women of the Andes would be even much more beautiful, if they had not in general bad teeth; the beauty of their complexion cannot fail to please a European in particular, though it is far from equalling that of a woman of Europe. In general, the Flemings may give an idea of the children of the Spaniards in the Cordillera; the two races, derived from a common origin, but chilled by an equally cold climate, having a striking resemblance even in their accent: it is nearly the same. Like the Flemish women, those of the *tierras frias* have rather too much embonpoint; they have neither the English melancholy nor the German languor; a pleasing smile, which is their true character, is always on their lips: their countenance is impressed with an air of kindness and mildness, which their humane and charitable character does not contradict. The Arab nasal pronunciation, which the woman on the coast have, in a very great degree, often renders their language disagreeable! the women of the Cordillera, on the contrary, speak in a slow and measured manner, like the creoles of our Antilles.

'The costume of the women of the Cordillera is very original: when they go abroad, they wear a black silk petticoat, which is sufficiently close to show the form; a piece of blue cloth thrown over the head, and falling in a triangular shape down to the waist, is contrived to hide the arms, which are always bare; no part of the face is to be seen except the nose and eyes. Above this mantilla, they put on a hat with a shallow crown and broad brim. The women of the coast gradually renounce the elegant costume of the Andalusians, to adopt that of the English ladies.

'The education of the women of Spanish

America is much less advanced than that of the women of North America; a very few are able to sing or play on some instrument; yet they are naturally better musicians than the others; they are intelligent, quick of apprehension, and learn with facility; on the other hand, they are deficient in judgment and taste.

'The Colombian women have no great love for each other; party spirit is not the only cause of this antipathy. Envy, the rivalry of rank, fortune, origin, cast, diffuse in society a spirit of hatred, which is not at first observed amidst the caresses which they lavish on each other, and which shows the great art of the people of the hot countries in dissimulation. But when two female friends, if there be any such, open their hearts to each other, then their neighbours are sacrificed without mercy; they exhaust all the sarcasms of slander. This is a kind of conversation natural enough to women who seldom go out, and pass their days in turning over a book, which ennui makes them throw aside twenty times, or in braiding their hair, or in reclining on a bed and smoking a cigar.

'Slander is not the only aliment of the conversation of the Colombian ladies; love also has a great share in it: they speak of it with the freedom that men in France use in their conversations. They talk of the lover of la Seraphina, la Concepcion, la Incarnacion, with an openness which would make a well-educated European lady blush. Confided from their tenderest infancy to the care of corrupt servants, many young ladies derive their first ideas from their conversation, and they are acquainted with the language of vice, while they are ignorant of that of virtue, which is spoken to them at the age of twelve years, by a confessor, who is sometimes ignorant, and often dangerous. Leaving the convents, where they are taught nothing but reading and writing, they enter the world at the age of fifteen, without any means of resisting the dangers to which they are exposed, but the first ideas of their childhood. Instead of turning their thoughts to useful employments or agreeable arts, the only diversion they know is that of smoking.

'Such they are, when their parents, weary of a long and often useless superintendence, think of marrying them. Their choice is soon made, for they have only to attend to some pecuniary considerations. The marriage is concluded; ardent desires are soon satisfied; the man and wife soon perceive that they have never loved each other; and this observation is soon succeeded by hatred. In general, the appearances of concord and friendship are preserved till the birth of the second child. They then come to an amicable rupture, and the husband separates from his wife. Such is the termination of marriages in the eastern Cordillera.

'It is different on the coast and in the western Cordillera: the conduct of the women is more strict; wherever there are helots, the women are more reserved, be-

cause it is guard before their respect, hand, the less pure that the much more cold ones: tue, as it terest better women are tical; they religion, be thing to occ

'The wo plain, ther beauty; ho servable in antipathy b of the coast the name of are dressed others by National ha gin than th the women country co ate them.'

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cause it is necessary for them to be on their guard before their slaves, in order to insure their respect and obedience. On the other hand, the morals of the men are perhaps less pure than elsewhere. It is affirmed that the women of the hot countries are much more interested than those of the cold ones: shall we then suppose that virtue, as it is more or less austere, is but interest better or worse understood? All the women are very devout without being fanatical; they are fond of the ceremonies of religion, because they are eager for something to occupy their attention.

The women of the Cordillera and the plain, therefore, have opposite kinds of beauty; however, no great difference is observable in their habits and character: the antipathy between them is excessive; those of the coast give to the women of the Andes the name of *lanudas*, or woolly, because they are dressed in cloth; the latter call the others by the epithet of *calentanas*, hot. National hatred has in general no other origin than the rivalry and the quarrels of the women; and here the nature of the country contributes to foment and perpetuate them.

M. Mollien appears to write impartially, and his estimate of the talents of Bolivar we think correct: he is, no doubt, rather a bold partisan than a great general:—

‘Nor,’ adds M. M., ‘is he supposed to possess more profound views in the art of governing. He has hitherto contented himself with founding a republic, which is but a bad imitation of that of the United States, and which he can only maintain by a standing army. This is chiefly composed of shepherds, who followed him from the plains to the heights of Santa-Fé; it is in this portion of his troops that he places his chief confidence, and as the greater part of them belong to the cast of mulattoes, he is obliged to pay them great attention and to conciliate them by frequent rewards.’

‘A happy chance has hitherto rendered him invulnerable; his enemies, therefore, say that he possesses no courage; but can this be the case with him who aspires to the supreme government? He is not wanting in eloquence, for his speeches possess great warmth of sentiment, though they are often diffuse; but this, it must be admitted, is a fault difficult to be avoided in the Spanish language.’

‘He married in early youth, in Spain, and a few years afterwards lost his wife, since which he appears determined to pass the remainder of his days as a widower. The possession of a throne has not yet tempted him. Miranda said, that America was not destined to be a republic; and Bolivar does not think it calculated to become a kingdom worthy of vying with those of Europe.’

‘The title of Liberator, by which he distinguishes himself, is new in modern languages, and is synonymous with those of dictator and protector. His tyranny has not yet been complained of, and, had he not now begun to exile the discontented, and to confiscate their property, the only thing he could have been reproached with would

have been, that he has sometimes used reprisals in war.’

The translation of M. Mollien’s work is good, and it is embellished with a map, and one engraving only; the original work had at least five or six, which might have been given in the English edition, either lithographed or on copper. The work is, however, both useful and interesting, as containing a good account of a country which is becoming every year more important.

*The History of Origins; containing Ancient Historical Facts, with Singular Customs, Institutions, and Manners of different Ages.* By a LITERARY ANTIQUARY. 12mo. pp. 244. London, 1824.

THE title of this work pleased us much, and its execution has not in the least disappointed us. It is really a curious collection of the origin of several things, customs, and institutions. Some of them are, perhaps, fanciful; but, in general, they are correct. It is well adapted for a Christmas present. It contains much historical and useful information, and cannot fail to instruct while it interests the young mind. The following are extracts:—

#### *The Origin of Candlesticks.*

‘In the days of ancient simplicity, a piece of wood, with a small pan stuck between the staves or the turfs of which the houses were then built, with a split in the other end, into which the candle was placed, or a round piece of wood, with a hole in the top, into which the candle was put, and placed either upon a table or a stool, were the first methods of supplying artificial light; and though the increase of riches and luxury have afforded iron, brass, silver, or gold, instead of wood, together with all the elegance and ornament that art could produce, yet still the article of furniture retains the name of *Candlestick*: *stick* being the term for a small piece of wood.’

#### *Female Talkativeness.*

‘The celebrated Buxlorf, in his Hebrew Lexicon, informs us, that the name of our first mother “Eve” is derived from a word which signifies to talk. Upon this derivation, and the original meaning of this word, the Rabbinical writers have constructed the following fable:—

‘On a certain occasion there fell from Heaven twelve large baskets, filled in a manner similar to Pandora’s box, but with very different materials. They did not, like her’s, contain bodily diseases, but an affliction of another species. They were stored with “chit-chat.” Upon their descent, a general scramble took place between the two sexes who inhabited the earth; but the ladies being more active, were more successful than the men, and picked up nine of them, which they instantly secured, and even with sacrilegious care transmitted to their female descendants.’

If the author had given his authorities, his work would have been more valuable. Perhaps, this may appear a selfish wish, as we find he has frequently borrowed from our pages; but, as it is, the work is both curious and interesting.

#### *Hommage aux Dames.*

THAT we have not earlier done *Hommage aux Dames*, in noticing the truly elegant Christmas and New Year’s gift with that title, will, we trust, not be imputed to our want of gallantry. Though last in the field, the publisher has entered into a spirited and honourable rivalry with the *Forget Me Not*, the *Friendship’s Offering*, and *Literary Souvenir*, for the year 1825. It is the peculiar feature of the *Hommage aux Dames*, that it is ‘the first and only one, the peculiar object of which has been to pay a tribute to the fair sex.’ It consists of original communications in verse and prose, from anonymous but able correspondents. There are, however, four original poems by Lord Byron, which will be read with peculiar interest, as his lordship appears to have published as fast as he wrote. The engravings, including *L’Amore Dominatore* and the *Aurora of Guido*, the *Holy Family of Raffaele*, and the *Mid-day of Claude*, are very well executed. The work further contains some original music, ruled pages for memoranda, a list of the principal societies, exhibitions, &c. It is, altogether, very well got up, and the edging the outer case with leather is a decided improvement. We have only room for one extract, and we are sure our readers will not be displeased if we select one of the hitherto unpublished poems of Lord Byron, a bard of whom the editor well observes, ‘though accomplished in every mode of the lyre, it may truly be said, that his sweetest song was given to love.’ The following is one of his lordship’s poems, first printed in *The Hommage aux Dames*:—

#### ‘THE FAREWELL.

TO A LADY.

- ‘When man, expell’d from Eden’s bower,  
A moment linger’d near the gate,  
Each scene recall’d the vanish’d hour,  
And bade him curse his future fate.
- ‘But wandering on through distant climes,  
He learn’d to bear its load of grief,  
And gave a sigh to other times,  
And found in busier scenes relief.
- ‘Thus, lady, will it be with me,  
And I shall view thy charms no more;  
For whilst I linger near to thee,  
I sigh for all I knew before.
- ‘In flight I shall be surely wise,  
Escaping from temptation’s snare:—  
I cannot view my paradise  
Without a wish to enter there.’

*Beauties of Ancient English and Scottish History; to which is added, some Part of Roman History, so far as it is connected with their Residence and Government in this Country.* Selected and arranged by CATHARINE MAXWELL, Selector of ‘The Beauties of Ancient Eloquence,’ &c. 8vo. pp. 458. London, 1825.

Miss, or Mrs. Catharine Maxwell (for we always speak and write very guardedly of the sex) is very favourably known to the public by the ‘*Beauties of Ancient Eloquence*,’ a work which displays much discrimination and good taste in the selection.

She now presents us with further selections (for in these works she lays no claim to originality, save that of judgment), with specimens of elegant oratory, military achievements, politics, ceremonies, and amusements.

The correctness with which the copy of the record of deeds of old is given, is also a great charm in Miss Maxwell's work, and, with this hearty recommendation of it, we select a couple of extracts:—

*'A curious and scarce Anecdote.—A description of a Notary sent by the Roman Emperor Constantius to Britain, to apprehend some of whom he was jealous. From Simon Dunelmensis.*

'At this time the general in the army in Britain was one Gracianus (the father of Valentinian, the emperor), by birth an Hungarian, and so strong of limb, that no five men could pull a rope out of his hand with all their force, whereof he was surnamed Panarius the Roper. This man, giving entertainment to an enemy of the emperor's, was considered in confiscation of all his goods by Constantius; who now reigned sole emperor, unto whom also the Britains submitted themselves—whose deputy was aged Martin, a man virtuous and upright, as he witnessed by his death.

'For Constantius, whose base and distrustful heart feared the wagging of every leaf, by the slaughter of many guiltless, thinking to make himself secure, sent one Paulus, a notary, into Britain, to apprehend those he sought.

'The said notary was a Spaniard, of a pestilent wit and subtilty, especially in finding out all quirks and devices to endanger men's estates; whose business being now to apprehend, and bring away such martial men as had entered action in conspiracy. He under that pretence drew into danger many who were guiltless, and the emperor's true subjects; some of whom he imprisoned, many he tormented, and others with manacles and chains he so bruised, that therefore he was called Catena. Old Martin, the deputy, much lamenting their miseries, besought the Spaniards to surcease, and not with the offenders thus punish the innocent. Whereat the proud catchpole was so much disdained, that he threatened and sought to bring Martin before the Counsel, and that in bands like a traitor; which so much incensed the aged man, that with his dagger he assailed him; but perceiving the wound he gave him was not deadly, he stabbed the same into his own side, whereof he presently died.

'Unfortunate was he in this part, but otherwise a most righteous and worthy man, that thus attempted to ease the wrongs of the oppressed Britains.'

The following interesting anecdotes are entitled, 'Instances of Remarkable Personal Bravery in Desperate Hostile Engagements:—

'*Scotch officers in the French service against Spain and Germany, A. D. 1554.*—At which time Norman Lesly, Master of Rothes, won great reputation; for with thirty Scottish men he rode up the hill,

upon a fair gray gelding. He had above his coat of black velvet, his coat of armour, with two broad white crosses, the one before, the other behind, with sleeves of mail, and a red bonnet upon his head, whereby he was known and seen afar off, by the constable, the Duke of Anguien, and the Prince of Conde.

'Where, with his thirty, he charged with sixty of their horsemen with culverins, followed with but seven of his number, he, in our sight, struck five of them from their horses, with his spear, before it broke. Then he drew his sword, and ran in among them, not valuing their continual shouting, to the admiration of all beholders. He slew divers of them, and at length, when he saw a company of spearmen coming down against him, he gave his horse the spurs, who carried him to the constable, and there fell down dead, for he had many shots. And worthy Norman, too, was also shot in divers parts, whereof he died in fifteen days after.

'He was first carried to the king's own tent, where the Duke of Anguien and Prince of Conde told his majesty, that Hector, of Troy, was not more valiant than the said Norman Lesly, whom the king would see dressed by his own chirurgions, and made great moan for him. So did the constable, and all the rest of the princes. But no man made more lamentation than the laird of Grange, who came to the camp the next day after from a quiet road, whither he had been commanded.'

'The castle of Dinan, situated upon a high rock, was stoutly defended by a Spanish captain, who at length coming forth to speak to the constable about composition, was retained, and the men of war came forth with their bag and baggage. Few, or none of the soldiers, who came forth of Dinan, but were hurt, either with shelves or staves, by the force of our battery, or were burnt with the firebrands that they did roll down the steep hill whereupon the wall was built, and thrice they repulsed our French footmen. Then it was, that eleven banner-bearers whereof went up to the breach; to wit, first one with the ensign in his hand, not followed with his company, was killed, and fell tumbling round the hill. Then another soldier, to win the office, took up the ensign, and went up likewise to the head of the wall, who was also killed. Then the third, and all the eleven, one after another, lost their lives, not at all assisted by their companies, notwithstanding that the constable stood by, urging and threatening in vain; for which he degraded their captains, and broke their companies. But there was a Scotchman, brother to Barnbogle, called Archibald Moubray, who with his drawn sword, ran up to the head of the wall, and returned with life; but he got no reward for his brave enterprise, though I used my endeavours for him. Thus many are readier to punish faults, than to reward good deeds.'

'In the mean time, the Marshal St. Andre, a great man for that time, gave un-

happy advice, that all the French servants who were on horseback, should retire from amongst the men at arms, lest they should be an impediment to them who were to fight, there being as many servants as there were masters. These servants were glad to get them out of the press, spurring their horses on with good speed homewards, intending to stay upon some hill to behold the combat. The enemy perceiving so great a number of horsemen (as they thought) flying, upon the very instant took occasion to charge upon our lighthorsemen. Whereupon the constable, being in a valley between two hills, marching towards the straight part where he intended to stay, spurred forward up the little hill, that he might see how to resist and put order to the battle; which gave an hard apprehension to others, that he was flying. But when he turned at the top of the hill, no man would tarry with him for any command, though he continually cried, return! return! their heads however were homewards, and their hearts also, as appeared. Then his Master of the Horse, bringing him a Turkey speedy horse, to run away with the rest, he answered in great anger, "That it was against his profession and occupation, ever to fly from his station;" and addressing himself fearlessly against the greatest troop of enemies, saying, "Let all true servants to the king follow me." Though only threescore gentlemen accompanied him, who were all overthrown in an instant. The constable desired to be killed, but the master of the horse cried continually, "It is the constable, kill him not," but before he was known, he was shot through the thigh, and then taken prisoner, &c. &c. &c.'

*The British Code of Duel: a Reference to the Laws of Honour and the Character of Gentleman.* 12mo. pp. 129. London, 1824.

How the author of this work could have the assurance to subject it to our scrutiny we know not, since one of the articles in the table of contents is entitled, 'Advantage of Killing Critics.' We instantly turned to the body of the work, and happily found that, though a critic was killed, it was not his own fault, but 'solely through the ignorance of his second.' The British Code of Duel is a rambling sort of work, in which there are some judicious observations, but the *argumentum ad hominem* is rarely listened to by a duellist until his pistol has been discharged.

*The Pamphleteer.* No. 48.

WE have frequently had occasion to speak favourably of the Pamphleteer, and we have no hesitation in stating, that the present number is one of the best that has appeared for some time. There are altogether about nine pamphlets, most of which are not only interesting in themselves, but are on subjects which, at present, occupy the public attention: such are the Marquis of Hastings's defence of his administration in India, She-

ridan on the original Essay in improvement of the tropic. Sir William the grand tional splendour build be erected ment board the sanction veral other ct well wor phleteer g

Rothclan :

In our rev as it did no had added term of T Lazaretto. been relate the plague in the Laz entitled T satore, an written in style of the interest. Levant, an and the pl forcible a three tales part of a some time

JOHN NE To the E

SIR,—As mah last ble ye wi a' settled gane by, a inclination varra par Scotchman place t' ye wanted, b get a better gular dran offer ever tres), they Rayner a said I, ' man's mo bad gud then thou pers, to w think the speeches n went to 't the varra and tel'd reet, and you,—and

ridan on the Greek Revolution, and an Original Essay, by Sir William Hillary, on the improvement and embellishment of the metropolis. The last is an excellent pamphlet. Sir William suggests that, in order to secure the grand requisites of health, utility, national splendour, and durability in the future buildings of the metropolis, they should be erected under the direction of a permanent board, chosen for the purpose, under the sanction of Parliament. There are several other suggestions of the worthy baronet well worthy of attention, as is the Pamphleteer generally.

*Rothelan: a Romance of the English Histories.*

In our review of Rothelan, we stated, that, as it did not fill the three volumes, Mr. Galt had added three other tales, under the general term of The Quarantine, or Tales of the Lazaretto. The tales are supposed to have been related by persons who, escaping from the plague at Malta to Sicily, were shut up in the Lazaretto of Messina. The tales are entitled The Physiognomist, The Improvisatore, and The German's Tale. They are written in the usual quaint and vigorous style of the author, and possess considerable interest. Mr. Galt has travelled in the Levant, and his knowledge of the people and the places enables him to give some forcible and correct descriptions. The three tales now given are, we understand, part of a plan which the author intends some time or other to fill up.

**ORIGINAL.**

JOHN NEWBY'S FAREWELL TO TOWN.

*To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.*

SIR,—As you were so obliging as to put mah last letter i' your paper, I sall trouble ye wi' another. I did hoope I mud a' settled i' Lunnun; but that hoope's gane by, an' there's an end on't. Mah inclination's for' t stage, but I'se not varra particular,—I'se summat like 't Scotchman 'at Lord Melville gahve 't place t' ye;—he said, it warn't what he wanted, but he wad take 't tel he could get a better. On 't stage (I mean 't regular drama—for I wad'nt take 't best offer ever made at ane o' 't little theatres), they tel'd me that I sud clash wi' Rayner and Sherwin. 'God forbid,' said I, 'I sud tak breahd out of ony man's mouth,'—seea I put on my hat, bad gud morning, and walked off. I then thought I wad aply to 't news-papers, to write their leading articles, I think they call 'em, or repoort 't speeches mahde i't Parliament house: I went to 't editor of ane of 't papers, but the varra moment I op'n'd my mouth, and tel'd 'em mi naame, he laugh'd out-reet, and ax'd me if I wrate a letter to you,—and when I said, 'I did, and what

harm's in't?' he tel'd me 't Yorkshire dialect wad'nt deea for me.' I toak fire at this, held mi bit o' crab-thorn a bit tighter, and said, 'What dare you say again' Yorkshire dialect?' Hesaw mah back was up, and maade an apology. 'Oh!' says I, 'if you oan you're wrang, I'll pardon it.' He then tel'd me that, if I spak Yorkshire, I ought to write good English;—'And seea I can,' said I, and copied an advertisement wi'out mis-spelling a single word. He said he had nae vacancy, teak my address, and said, if aught turned up, he'd let me know.

Nane of these refusals, howsomever, wad a daunted me, if there had nut been mare moral then physical causes to mak me resolve on ganging yam. It was a principal wah mi fahther and mother teea (heaven bless her soul, for its lang sin she was lost to this world), that, aboon all things, I sud presarve mi karacter. It was't varra last words mi fahther said when I left him: 'Oh! mi lad,' said he, 'tak care o' thy morals, and keep gud company, and good will cum on't; but,' said he, 'what-ever happen, thou can leak ony body i' 't fahce, and fear naught.' Now, tho' I confess I like Lunnun varra much, there's mony gud folks in it; and, for charities and chapels, why, it bangs all 't warld; but then, what scenes o' vice and iniquity are practised! Why, I believe never a day passes wi'out sum robbery or other being committed, unless 't news-paaper tell a pack o' lees: and then nobbut think of what's ta'en plaace this varra week: a sheriff ov Lunnun, even an ex-sheriff (which I suppose means an extraordinary sheriff, an' aboov 't common run o' them), tried for parjury, Lord help us! but to be seear he was acquitted, and varra properly for sartain: but this is not the worst.

There's Miss Foote, that mahd me cry when she played Virginia: I seea pitied to see a bonnie lass i' distress, that I call'd out for 'em to stop 't play; for I had raather pay mi munney, and gang away, then see a poor innocent creatur tak on at sike a rate. 'O!' thought I, 'if she's seea gud a doughter, what a wife she wad mak for 't first lord i' 't land!' Oh, that I sud ever live to hear that she was nut virtuous!—nay, that she was a kept mistress, and having bairns! But, if that itself's a great crime, what mun I say to 't Lunnun people, that knew all about it, and yet suffered her to represent female virtue on 't stage?—or what mun I say to 't law o' 't land, that values her reputation at three thousand punds?

To be seear, Mr. Hayne desarved to pay for not keeping his word, for a promise is a promise, let it be mahde to wheen it will,—and besabdes, she appears to have throan hersel out o' breahd on account o' his promise; and efter all, poor young creatur, she's to be pitied: but still these are things that us Yorkshire folks can't weel get ower.

I cud reap up mony other grievances and sins i' Lunnun, but as I'se ganging to leave't place, I don't like to be thought ungrateful for't civilities I've received; besabdes, the least said is't seaneest mended, you know. And seer wishing you a merry Kersamas and a happy new year, I'll just bring mi letter to a conclusion.

Your humble sarvant,

JOHN NEWBY.

*Wrekin Tavern, Broad Court, Drury Lane.  
Wednesday Neet.*

THE PRESENT STATE OF GREECE.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE)

(Concluded from p. 810.)

MOUNT Athos, or Monte Santo, forms the summit of the long promontory which is connected with Chalcidia by a narrow isthmus. This isthmus is the key by means of which the monks lock up their sanctuary of Mount Athos. Without their permission, no one dares to enter this paradisaical solitude, where prevail a silence and repose that are never interrupted, save by the chantings of these holy fathers. The mountain itself arises to a height of seven hundred fathoms, so that its summit remains covered with snow during the greater portion of the year. Around the lower part of the mountain are built two-and-twenty convents, each of which has its superior, and, in addition to the monks, some lay-brothers, who are retained to perform the domestic occupations. All travellers speak in terms of rapture of the picturesque and sublime scenes of this sacred spot. Oaks of extraordinary magnitude, chesnuts, and plane-trees clothe the sides of the mountain; while its upper parts are covered with woods of pine, and between the interstices of the rock, myrtles, laurels, and a variety of fragrant shrubs spread themselves in rich luxuriance. Groves of citron, orange, and fig-trees shelter the cells and retreats of the monks and anchorets; and resound with the warbling of nightingales and other songsters.

Female steps are not allowed to profane this hallowed retreat. Even the Turkish Waiwode, who resides on the

isthmus, for the purpose of collecting the tribute, is obliged, during the three years that he is stationed there, to dispense with his harem. To such excess, indeed, is the scrupulousness of the monks carried, that they import, at a very considerable expense, butter, eggs, and other provisions, in order that their holy territory may not be profaned by cows, sheep, or hens. Yet, as these pious fathers have not yet discovered any means of cutting off all communication through the air, swallows and turtle-doves build their nests on their very walls, where profane cooings are heard. In spite, however, of this ultra sanctity, these good fathers are highly to be praised for their piety, their morality, their industry, and their practical benevolence. The intervals between their devotions are employed in various agricultural pursuits, in cultivating their orchards and vines, in manufacturing wine, and in the labours of their kitchen gardens: at other times, they occupy their leisure in knitting stockings, preparing scented waters, painting effigies of saints, copying psalters, and manufacturing other articles, all of which they exchange, at the neighbouring town of Cheriassa, for sugar, coffee, tobacco, liqueurs, &c.

To this pious and industrious race of men, Greece is more highly indebted than may be imagined; since it is chiefly owing to them that the Greek language and the Christian religion have not been entirely driven out from both European and Asiatic Turkey, by the language and the faith of the Koran. Within the cloisters of Mount Athos, are educated the teachers of the various Greek schools, and from the same holy walls are drawn the prelates of the Greek church. Many a dissolute and abandoned man has retired hither from the dissipations of the world, and has closed in innocent employments and pious meditations, a life once dedicated to tumultuous and vicious enjoyments. Some English travellers met with, in one of these hermitages, a recluse who had occupied it four-and-twenty years, and who addressed them in thier own tongue. He was a native of Epirus, who had formerly been seven years as a sailor in the British service, when, disgusted with the hazards and hardships of a sea life, he sought an asylum in this sequestered spot. Here his principal employment consisted in making a species of woollen mantles, for which Mount Athos is celebrated.

The convents which are found in the delightful valley formed by the river

Peneus, in Thessaly, are, in some respects, still more deserving of attention, although not so celebrated for their religious discipline. These buildings are constructed on the very peaks of naked rocks, that rise conically to a height of several hundred feet, so that the only access to these aerial dwellings is by being drawn up by ropes, by those above. It was in this perilous manner that Dr. Holland visited the convent called Hagios Stephanos, which he found altogether a complete contrast to the religious houses of Mount Athos; for, in addition to the extreme wretchedness and utter want of comfort that prevailed in this habitation, the monks were so ignorant, that they could give him no information whatever as to the institution of their own order.

That the modern Greeks are exceedingly ignorant, and almost sunk into barbarism, cannot be denied; yet this is certainly not to be imputed to them as a fault, as, although they have lost the means and power, they have by no means lost the inclination, to ameliorate their condition, and rise in the scale of civilization. They eagerly avail themselves, as far as possible, of every opportunity of collecting information. In acquiring the elements of any science, which for him have all the charms of novelty, and consequently make a more powerful impression, the Greek exhibits an anxious application, of which those can hardly form an idea, who have always been conversant with such subjects, and who, therefore, feel somewhat of the satiety inseparable from the unlimited indulgence even of study. Centuries may probably elapse ere the modern Greeks may make any discovery in science; yet the philanthropist cannot but perceive with pleasure that they have now begun to enter upon a career in which it is not very probable that they will retrograde; nor is it possible for him to renounce the consoling hope, that the arts and sciences, prosperity and happiness, will once again bloom beneath a Grecian sky, in the garden of the Academy, and on the banks of the Ilyssus. During the last twenty years, all travellers concur in testifying, that the Greeks of the higher classes speak with as much enthusiasm of their ancient heroes and legislators, of their philosophers and poets, as they do with indignation and sorrow of the loss of their liberty, and of the state of degradation to which they are reduced.

The progress which the Greeks have made in the sciences, within the last thirty years—or rather in preparing for

their reception—cannot be denied. They have very properly commenced by polishing their corrupt Romaic dialect, and assimilating it to the beautiful Hellenic tongue; a task of no extreme difficulty, as the difference between the two is not so great as is generally considered, since a number of modern Greek words, although unintelligible to the readers of Thucydides and Plato, are relics of the ancient language of Greece. The study of their former dialect naturally leads them to peruse the writings of their illustrious ancestors—of their poets, orators, historians, philosophers, and mathematicians. As usually happens, they commence by translating, and they already possess in their modern idiom the works of several French and German geometricians and astronomers. They can even show many native original works that prove their attachment to the physical and mathematical sciences. A number of schools are already instituted: at Constantinople is one in which logic, medicine, and the mathematics, are taught; and another, where the principal object of study is the ancient Hellenic tongue. It is to this latter pursuit that the other schools pay particular attention; those, for instance, at Smyrna, Janina, and Athens, and in the islands of Chios and Patmos. In Cephalonia is an university established by the English; while at Venice, Vienna, and other cities of the Austrian states, there are free schools for Greeks; and a great many of them visit the Universities of Bologna, Padua, Leipsic, &c. All these useful institutions have, indeed, been interrupted by the present war; yet it is to be hoped that this interruption is merely temporary, and that it will be succeeded by a redoubled activity. The resemblance as to character between the ancient and modern Greeks, which is too evident not to be immediately recognised, displays itself particularly in many of their customs; nor has the adoption of a purer religion been able to banish altogether the superstitious ceremonies of their forefathers. In their estimation, every spring of water, every romantic grove, every solitary grotto, is holy; and on certain days they assemble at their fountains, in order to propitiate, by their dances and songs, the saints or spirits who are supposed to preside over them. It is here that they bring their sick and diseased; and he who has been restored to health here presents a lock of his hair as an *ex-voto*. No Greek ever undertakes an affair of importance, or a journey of any length, without first

making an *ex-voto*; nor does the harbour previously present waxen tapers, stood an altar with a public amusement present day ancestors a and a faith symbolic from which language, in which characters; uses in intrig been put in walls of the the first of M is decorated of the Greek turn of that and singing, ed gaiety. specific again misfortune. pens to snee Health to or a crow is top, it is co approaching ears is rego men; but person falls notes some happens to dinary, it the appreh quieted, un posed evil child's face Their man in particula ancient Gre there is litt gallantry an classes; but negotiator, the ancient personage f courtship b out either o til the day eve of the w bath, atten and acquaint morning, th by his fri verses in l pair), proce parents. T the most sp by her fath as she proe are scattere

making an offering of some kind of *ex-voto*; nor does any Athenian sail from the harbour of the Piræus, without previously presenting to St. Spiridion a waxen taper, on the spot where formerly stood an altar of Diana. Together with a predilection for festivals and public amusements, the Greeks of the present day have inherited from their ancestors a great partiality for flowers, and a faith in the secret virtues and symbolic meanings of certain plants; from which has arisen a mystical language, in which flowers are employed as characters; an invention not without its uses in intrigues of gallantry, and that has been put into practice even within the walls of the Grand Signior's seraglio. On the first of May, the door of every house is decorated with flowers, and the whole of the Greek population celebrate the return of that delightful month by dancing and singing, and by the most unrestrained gaiety. They have an amulet as a specific against every disease, and every misfortune. Whenever a person happens to sneeze, all those present exclaim, 'Health to you.' If their eye itches, or a crow is seen perched on the rooftop, it is considered to indicate an approaching visitor; a humming in the ears is regarded by them as a good omen; but when the shadow of one person falls upon that of another, it denotes some mischance. If a stranger happens to praise a child more than ordinarily, it portends no good; nor can the apprehensions of the parents be quieted, unless he counteracts the supposed evil charm by spitting in the child's face.

Their marriage and funeral ceremonies, in particular, remind us of those of the ancient Greeks. As every where else, there is little of form and etiquette in the gallantry and nuptial rites of the lower classes; but in the higher ones, a female negotiator, answering to the *προξενίς* of the ancients, is indispensable, and this personage frequently conducts the whole courtship between the two parties, without either of them seeing the other until the day of the marriage. On the eve of the wedding, the bride visits the bath, attended by her female friends and acquaintance; and on the following morning, the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends (who dance and sing verses in honour of the new-married pair), proceeds to the house of the lady's parents. The bride herself, attired in the most splendid manner, is led out by her father and the bridemaids; and as she proceeds to the church, flowers are scattered on her head whenever she

chances to pass the windows of any of her acquaintance. She is again crowned with flowers by the priest, and the ceremony is terminated by the bride and bridegroom drinking together out of a cup. The lady is now conducted home to her husband's house, where she is lifted, by her parents, over the threshold, which, as formerly, is still considered sacred.

With respect to the dead, they, as was the usage two and even three thousand years ago, are dressed in their best attire, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and followed to the grave by females who make a profession of mourning, and who are very vehement in their cries and other expressions of grief. The grave is afterwards covered with flowers, and with a kind of cakes similar to those with which it was the custom to propitiate Cerberus.

The amusements of the Greeks consist principally in singing and dancing; nor do they ever show themselves in a more amiable light than when, forgetting for a while their melancholy condition, they exhibit the gaiety and festivity peculiar to their character; since they are not only entirely free from the odious vice of drunkenness, but exceedingly temperate in the indulgence of the table. Their music is as simple and as monotonous as it was in the days of Orpheus and Terpander; nevertheless, their national songs, chaunted to the lyre or the pipe, and addressed to ears less sophisticated by musical refinements than our own, produce effects of which we can hardly form an idea.

Their dances consist of two kinds, the Albanian, and the genuine Greek dance: the latter is a species of ballet, of which the subject usually is Ariadne, who conducts Theseus, by means of her clue, through the labyrinth of the Minotaur. This is performed as follows: a skilful female dancer, who heads the rest, holds in her left hand the end of a white shawl, whose other extremity is held by a dancer; he, in his turn, leads another female, and she another dancer, &c. The first-mentioned dancer directs the steps and movements of the rest, who imitate all her gestures and motions; and in proportion as these are varied and complex, is the enjoyment of the dancers themselves, and the applause of the by-standers. This dance, known by the name of the *Romaica*, is equally a favourite in the festivities of Athens, in the villages of Arcadia, and in the Greek islands; and bears a striking resemblance to those that we see represented on ancient vases and bas-reliefs.

The *Albanatico* is of a ruder character, and has been compared by some to the Pyrrhic dance of the ancient Greek warriors; and by others, to the war-dance of the North American Indians. It consists in unnatural contortions of the body, and leaping, in which is displayed far less of grace than of personal strength and activity\*. Since the English have given balls at Athens,—on which occasion, by the bye, it is necessary that permission be always previously obtained from the Turkish Waiwode,—these national dances have lost somewhat of their original character.

Swinging, another amusement of the Greeks, formed anciently one of the religious rites instituted in honour of Bacchus, the origin of which is as follows:—Icarus, to whom that deity had communicated the mystery of preparing wine, visited Athens, accompanied by his daughter Erigone. Here he treated the inhabitants with the newly-discovered beverage; but, overtaken by intoxication, they imagined that Icarus had poisoned them, and accordingly put him to death. For a long time did Erigone in vain seek her father, until at length his dog, named Mœra, conducted her to a spot within a wood, where she found his dead body. In a fit of despair, she hanged herself on one of the trees; and many of the Athenian women, instigated by a species of phrensy with which Bacchus afflicted them by way of punishment, imitated her example; so that the wood was nearly filled with dead bodies swinging on the trees. By the command of the oracle, a festival was instituted sacred to the memory of Erigone, in which the above event was commemorated by swinging on ropes attached to the branches of trees.

The usual age at which Greek girls are married is their fifteenth year. This circumstance, and an immoderate use of the bath, is the cause of their premature loss of beauty; for the modern Greek females carry to excess an enjoyment which their ancestors indulged more prudently and temperately. They even pass entire days in the bath, a spot sacred to the sex; and woe to the rash intruder who should violate the mysteries of the place. The Turkish commander of the fortress of Athens was

\* It should seem, then, after all, that there is very little difference between our own ballet-dancers and the Indian professors of that noble art; for unnatural, and we may add, most ungraceful and ridiculous contortions of the body, leapings and pirouetting, constitute the merit of the one as much as of the other.

one day tempted to secrete himself in one of the women's baths; but he was soon discovered, and obliged to save himself by flight, first to the island of Egina, and afterwards to a catholic convent at Hydra.

On comparing the plan of an ancient Greek house, as given by Vitruvius, with that of a modern one, a great resemblance may be perceived: each of them exhibits the three important requisites of a dwelling, namely, retirement, security, and tranquillity; circumstances the more important in a climate where almost all amusements and business take place in the open air. An exterior and interior court, surrounded with high walls, inclose the dwelling itself, which is constructed of wood, upon foundations of stone; so that it is perfectly secured both from the gaze of the passenger and the noise of the street. The only ornaments and furniture of the apartments consist of mirrors, carpets, and divans against the walls; and as these latter are used for the purpose of reclining on by day and sleeping on by night, there are neither chairs nor beds. Even a table is a rarity, and instead of grates or stoves, braziers are used for warming the rooms. The *Trapesa*, or dining-table, is nothing more than a large tin tray, of a circular form, without any covering or table-cloth.

The breakfast consists of coffee and preserves; and after this meal, the master of the house generally passes his morning in walking and smoking in the gallery that surrounds the house, or in attending to his professional affairs, should he chance to have any; while his wife is occupied with her domestic duties, and with spinning or weaving; and his children with reading and writing. The dinner, which takes place between twelve and one o'clock, consists of about ten or twelve dishes, out of which all the family eat. These generally contain rice, mutton, vegetables, eggs, cakes, and a desert of dried grapes and chesnuts. These articles are variously prepared, nor is there any lack of high seasoning. A sort of light wine is drank during dinner, and, after the repast is ended, liqueurs, coffee, and Turkish pipes are handed round. To these succeed the *siesta*, after which visits take place: during the latter, the company converse on the news of the day, eat confects and preserves, drink coffee, and smoke.

Such, at least, is the mode of living among the wealthier Greeks at Athens, Janina, and other places where the Turkish yoke is least heavily felt. But

they have of late occasionally varied their habits, out of complaisance towards their English guests. It is, however, to be hoped that they will not extend their courtesy in this respect too far; since, although the Greeks have certainly much to learn from other Europeans, it is not at all desirable that they should renounce their present simple habits. It is rather to be wished that they may, at no very distant period, exhibit the enviable example of a people who, while they are daily making new advances in science, in manufactures, and in civilization in general, yet retain their present sober tastes and simple habits; nor lose, in the midst of luxury and prosperity, those estimable qualities by which they have excited our sympathy in the hour of trial and adversity.

### Original Poetry.

#### SONNET

To G. J. de Wilde, on reading his beautiful Verses to the Memory of Lord Byron.

YES! I have read thy fine deep-thoughted verse,—

So worthy of the theme that to thy song Most mournfully is given! Sweet, yet strong Are thy melodious numbers! They rehearse The matchless powers of one who did immerse His soul in poesy's bright stream. Along His genius dashed, and spurned the viperous throng

That stood prepared with poisonous breath to curse.

Proceed, young bard! do but as he has done,— Place not upon thy soul aught of restraint,— With eagle-eye, gaze thou on glory's sun, Let Fancy Fame's and Freedom's beauties paint, And court them eagerly;—for thou, De Wilde, Art one upon whose birth the muses smiled.

Edmonton.

J. J. LEATHVICK.

#### THE METAMORPHOSIS;

##### OR,

Adventures of Farmer Jolter and his Cow.

##### A TRUE STORY.\*

GILES JOLTER went, as village gos-rs tell, To Romford town, his aged cow to sell; She'd seen much service—many an *Essex calf* Had drank her milk—till ten years and a half Of Dolly's squeezing drain'd her almost dry; But Jolter shrewdly guess'd some one would buy,

And the experiment resolv'd to try:— At length a chapman came—a bargain then Was struck for the old cow, at *four pounds ten*—

Giles rubb'd his hands with glee, then homeward went,

His mind full on his lucky bargain bent; And as he quaff'd his nut-brown ale, And, laughing, told his dame the tale,

\* Those persons who read the newspapers (and who does not?), cannot fail to recognise this 'true story,' as the mere poetical version of a fact which occurred last week, and was related in the Mansion House police reports. It was also alluded to in last week's *Chronicle* by ASMODEUS.

The lout declar'd that 'twas his firm belief The poor old cow would make *rare Lunnun beef!* But ah! how little Farmer Jolter thought, While he his joke enjoy'd and swigg'd his 'nappy,'

That he in roguery's trap might soon be caught, And tell a dismal tale, tho' now so happy.

The cow's new master soon to Smithfield sent her,

As the best place to gain by the adventure;

For, possibly, he thought

The cow might there be bought

By one of those good souls who make *polonies*, Who're not particularly nice,

If they can deal at a *fair price*,

What sort of flesh they buy, or what the bone is. But, it appears, the sausage trade was dull—

Christmas was near—prime oxen all the cry—

The market, too, it seems, was over-full—

So the old cow was pass'd unheeded by,

Until a *cow-regenerator* spied her,

(A very skilful man in his profession)

Who said at once, the moment that he ey'd her,

For just *one crown* he'd put her in possession

Of all her former smooth and sleeky looks,—

In short, he'd make her young again!—'Gad-zooks,'

The doctor cried, 'I'll do't this very day;

You'll pay if I succeed—

If not, you won't.'—'Agreed,

Agreed,' replied the man,—'no cure, no pay.'

The doctor straight commenc'd his operation:

Her shaggy hide he trimm'd, her horns he scrap'd,

He rubb'd and scrubb'd—in short, no mode escap'd

To effect the much-desir'd renovation;—

In faith, the job was done to admiration;

So that the crown

Was soon put down,

With mutual thanks and real congratulation.

The owner view'd his cow with great delight;

Ah! thought he, what a lucky dog was I

This beast at Romford market thus to buy—

Egad! to *sell* her there I'll now endeavour;

Who knows but that her former master might

Still want a younger one?—the thought is clever—

I'll send her back, and try my luck, however.

A salesman then he hir'd without delay,

And off to Romford sent her the next day.

Jolter was there—the cow soon met his eye—

He ask'd the price, and seem'd resolv'd to buy:

'Pray what's her age?' said Jolter, 'and what breed?'

'Oh, she's a *young 'un*, you may plainly see,

And as for breed, why she's an *Alderney*.'

'An *Alderney*! now *is* she one *indeed*!'

I likes them kind of cows the best of any;

But, 'pon my soul, she looks by half

More like *my old 'un's calf*!

For, as to calves, *my old 'un* suckled many:

But what's the price? I'll deal wi'ye, if I can'—

'*Fifteen pound ten*'s the lowest,' said the man;

No sooner said than done—the cash was giv'n,

And home to Jolter's farm the beast was driv'n.

Meanwhile the salesman, laughing in his sleeve,

Return'd to town, and gave to his employer

The cash whose loss poor Jolter had to grieve,

Who useless found it to employ a lawyer;

As in the sequel we are bound to state,

When Jolter's tale we're call'd on to relate,

As he explain'd it to the magistrate.

Our task it must be now

To say what happen'd to the cow:

Like an old resident, who knew her place,

Soon as she enter'd at the cow-house door,

She stretch

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She stretch'd her limbs, with far more ease than  
grace,  
Where many a time she'd stretch'd those  
limbs before.

Next morn, with pail and stool came milkmaid  
Dolly,

Who soon uprous'd her old acquaintance Colly,  
She press'd the source whence milk she thought  
would flow,

And roughly grasp'd it with her ruddy hand,  
But, ah! the sturdy damsel did not know

The liquid would not come at her command;  
In vain she squeez'd, but squeezing would not  
do,

And what she *did* produce was mere *sky blue*!  
Doll curs'd the cow—then went and told her  
master

He'd better kept the one with which he'd  
parted,

For *this* one's milk was *blue*, and came no  
faster—

Indeed poor Dolly seem'd quite broken-  
hearted.

'What's to be done?' cried Jolter, in despair,  
'Canst tell, Doll, eh?'—'No, measter, I don't  
know.'

'Well, then, go fetch old Master Leech, the  
doctor,

For *summut* is the matter.'—

She went—the doctor quickly came—when, lo!

His horse-laugh rent the air—

'A *young* cow, eh?'—'od rat her!

Why, 'tis the old one, farmer! you have *dock'd*  
her!

You could'nt think, by trimming the old cow  
And paring down her horns, it would produce

A good supply of milk!—I wonder how  
You ever thought on't.'—'Thought on't! What

I?—the deuce!

'I've sold the old 'un, doctor;—*this* an't that—  
*This is another, that I bought.*'—

'Oh, oh!' said Master Leech, 'I smell a rat!

Why, old friend Jolter, you've been *caught*;  
For *this* here cow, I'll swear, is your old Colly.'

'Lord! so she is!' exclaim'd the awe-struck  
Dolly;

'Oh, gemini! was ever such a game  
Play'd off before!—'twill be a burning shame

If measter can't have satisfaction.'—

Jolter replied, 'I'll bring an action  
Against the rogue,—or else, mayhap, I'll hang

him;

I'll play the very devil with him, dang him!'

So, off to London, anxious for success,  
Rode Jolter, hoping to obtain redress.

His tale before the Lord Mayor he related  
With unaffected woe and lengthen'd face;

Not that he car'd about the *loss*, he stated,  
One half so much as he did the *disgrace*

Which must attach to him and all his race.

The worthy magistrate could scarce refrain  
From laughing at the tale outright,

But in a sort of sympathizing strain  
His lordship told the luckless wight,

That though he felt for Farmer Jolter's fate,  
*Redress* he could not give him—but he'd state,

That people who hereafter want a cow,  
And are not judges of the manner how

To tell her age, had better save a laugh,  
If not their cash, by *bringing up* a calf!—

Poor Jolter hung his head and look'd dejected,  
Rode back, and on the circumstance reflected

Resolved to keep his cow, and breed another,  
And, since 'twas vain to think that he could  
smother

The laugh created at his own expense,  
Join in it too, and therein show his sense.

FITZ-PINDAR.

## The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

IF, as we doubt not is the case, our  
readers are looking forward to Christ-  
mas cheer, Christmas gambols, and  
Christmas pantomimes, they will care  
very little for what has been acted dur-  
ing the week, particularly as there has  
been very little novelty. At Drury  
Lane Theatre, Mr. Sapio, too confident  
of his own talents, and too much elated  
with the compliments paid him by the  
audience and the critics, has had the  
temerity to soar beyond his height. We  
have always trembled for him when  
we saw him trace the steps of Braham.  
Hitherto he had done pretty well, until  
his own evil genius, or that of the  
theatre, not only put him into the part  
of Henry Bertram, but actually led  
him to attempt to sing 'Scots wha  
hae wi' Wallace bled.' This is the more  
inexcusable as it does not belong to the  
opera, and was only introduced by Bra-  
ham, who sings it better than any hu-  
man being ever did, or perhaps ever  
will sing it. The consequence was,  
that Mr. Sapio actually broke down in  
the song. He was, however, encored,  
and sung it better the second time, but  
was no more to be compared to Braham,  
than a cock-boat to the Columbus.  
Mrs. Bunn played Meg Merrilies ex-  
tremely well. Brown, who plays every  
thing, was tolerable in Dirk Hatterick.  
Sherwin was an excellent Dandie Din-  
mont, and Harley was passable in Do-  
minie Sampson.

At Covent Garden, the tragedy of  
*The Fair Penitent* has given Mrs. Slo-  
man another opportunity of trying her  
powers, in the character of Calista.  
We can neither congratulate the mana-  
gers on the judiciousness of their choice,  
nor the lady on her success, since both  
are very questionable: her tragic pow-  
ers are in pathetic and domestic scenes,  
and she has not the dignity, nor can  
she assume the haughty bearing, of the  
frail fair Calista: this, however, is ra-  
ther a physical defect than otherwise.  
She appeared to have a just conception  
of the character, and, in many of the  
scenes, was highly impressive. Charles  
Kemble's Lothario was good, and  
so was Young's Horatio.

## Literature and Science.

Mr. T. Moore is preparing for publica-  
tion a poetical work of a very novel cha-  
racter; to be called *Evenings in Greece*,  
to consist of short lyrical poems, which are  
to be accompanied with music.

Thursday, at Evans's, a copy of *Well's*  
*Xenophon*, 5 vols. 8vo., large paper, sold  
for 158l. 11s. A copy of *Horace*, the Cam-  
bridge edition, with manuscript notes, sold  
for 39 guineas.

The newly-published *Memoirs of the Af-  
fairs of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht*,  
are written by Lord John Russell.

## The Bee:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

*Anecdote.*—In Claude's reply to Arnaud,  
the French papist, we are told, that it was  
the humour of the Prince of Condé to have  
a *man of wood* on horseback, dressed like  
a field-officer, with a lifted broadsword in  
its hand, which figure was fastened in the  
great saddle, and the horse it was on always  
kept by the great Condé's side, when he  
travelled or engaged in the bloody field.  
Fearless the *man of wood* appeared in many  
a well-fought battle; but as they pursued  
the enemy one afternoon through a forest,  
in riding hard, a bough knocked off the  
wooden warrior's head; yet still he galloped  
on after flying foes, to the amazement and  
terror of the enemy, who saw a *hero* pur-  
suing without a head.

Sieyes was often alarmed at the plots of  
the Jacobins and their threats of assassinat-  
ing the consuls. He once came, in great  
agitation, and awoke Napoleon at three  
o'clock in the morning, to tell him some-  
thing of this kind, which he had just heard  
at the police. 'Let them alone,' said Na-  
poleon, 'in war, as well as in love, we must  
come to close quarters to make an end of  
it. Let them come; it may as well be set-  
tled one day as another.'—*Memoirs of Na-  
poleon.*

## TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE present number concludes the sixth vo-  
lume of *The Literary Chronicle*, which has sur-  
vived much opposition, and seen many a bold  
competitor consigned to the 'tomb of all the Ca-  
pulets.' We shall commence a new volume with  
a zeal stimulated by public approbation and  
unimpaired by exertion. The next number  
of *The Literary Chronicle* will be printed with  
a new type, which will enable us to give a  
*considerable increase* of matter, and our other  
arrangements are such as to improve the work  
without augmenting its price: we therefore  
confidently rely on a large accession of new  
subscribers, the continuance of our old ones,  
and the kind support of our contributors.

*The Literary Chronicle*, for 1824, containing  
832 closely printed 4to. pages, price £1. 7s. 6d.  
in boards, will be ready for delivery in a few  
days.

Errata, p. 814, col. 2, for 'Chevalier Un  
Bree,' read 'Chevalier Van Bree;' p. 814, col.  
3, for 'the princess his sister,' read 'and those  
of the princess, &c.;' p. 815, col. 2, for 'the  
Chevalier C. F. Handsen,' read 'the Chevalier  
C. F. Hansen;' p. 815, col. 2, for 'Mr. Hansen,'  
read 'M. Hansen;' p. 811, col. 1, for 'Ramela,'  
read 'Pamela;' for 'ci-divant,' read 'ci-devant.'  
In list of books, for 'Journal Anecdorique du  
Mad. Campeu,' read 'Mad. Campan.'

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec 17	37	45	43	30 05	Rain.
.. 18	43	49	49	.. 15	Cloudy.
.... 19	49	51	49	.. 31	Fair.
.... 20	51	47	35	29 45	Stormy.
.... 21	45	51	50	.. 42	Bain.
.... 22	50	51	35	28 02	Stormy.
.... 23	32	37	33	29 95	Fair.

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